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Nursery Rhymes.



NURSERY RHYMES

FOR GOOD CHILDREN



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon ;
But where she was going no mortal can tell,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah ! whither, ah ! whither so high ?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and bye.



I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND.

I HAD a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a quart pot, and there I bid him
drum.

Drum, drummer, drum, pray drum to please your wife,
I never heard a better drum in all my life :
Drum, drummer, drum, drum to please the town,—
While you stand drumming there, I'll go buy a new
gown.

HIGH diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jump'd over the moon ;
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow me your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow in the corn ;
Where 's the boy that looks after the sheep ?
Under the hay-cock fast asleep.

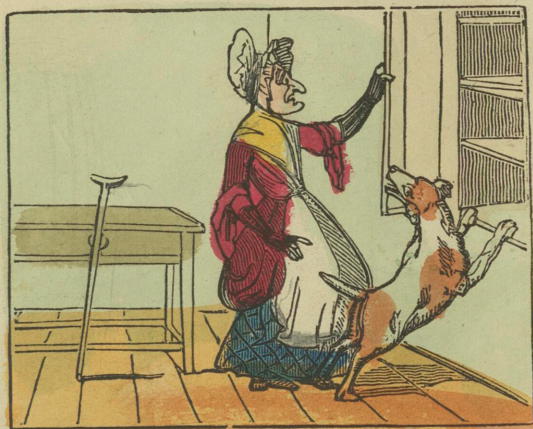


OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To give the poor dog a bone;
When she came there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

WINKIE, winker, winker, and winker,
Apple seed and apple core;
Wink, wink, wink, wink,
Five goes in a flash,
Six and nine by a twinkle,
O-U-T, and in again.

WINKIE, winker, winker, and winker,
Apple seed and apple core;
Wink, wink, wink, wink,
Five goes in a flash,
Six and nine by a twinkle,
O-U-T, and in again.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To give the poor dog a bone ;
When she came there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

FINTERY, mintery, cutery- corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn ;
Wine, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, and in again.

BLINKIN' Johnny, the cobbler,
He had a blinkin' eye ;
He sold his wife for a thousand pounds,
And that was all his cry.



WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

WHEN I was a little boy
 I had but little wit ;
 It is some time ago,
 And I've no more yet ;
 Nor ever, ever shall,
 Until that I die ;
 For the longer I live,
 The more fool am I.

THE GRUMBLING OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think ?
 She liv'd upon nothing but victuals and drink :
 And, though victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
 Yet this grumbling old woman never was quiet.
 She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
 And when she came home her old husband was dead.
 She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
 And when she came home her old husband was well.



When I was a child
I lived in the
It is a long time ago
And I am now old
No longer young
I am old
For the heart is old
The more I am

THE OLD WOMAN
The old woman was a very old woman
The first time I saw her was when I was
And she was very old and she was very
The old woman was a very old woman
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And she was very old and she was very



ROBERT THE ROBIN.

ONLY the Robin, the big-bellied
He sat most near the big-bellied
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a

WENT was a Whistling Robin
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a
He sat a corner and a

WENT and went Robin went
The Robin went and went
The Robin went and went
The Robin went and went
The Robin went and went
The Robin went and went
The Robin went and went

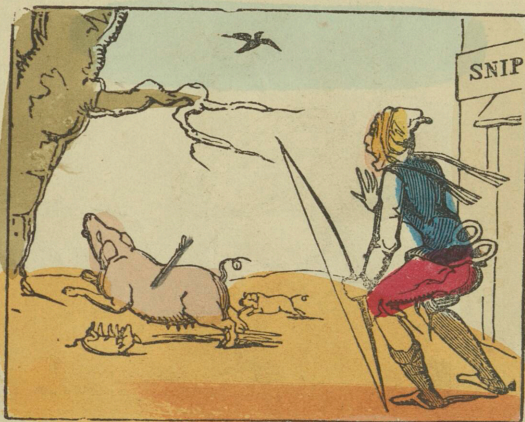


ROBBIN THE BOBBIN.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
 He eat more meat than fourscore men.
 He eat a cow—he eat a calf,—
 He eat a butcher and a half;
 He eat a church,—he eat a steeple,—
 He eat the priest and all the people.

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief;
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a leg of beef:
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't at home,
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.

FOUR-and-twenty Tailors went to kill a snail,
 The best man amongst them all durst not touch
 her tail:
 She put out her horns like a little Kylvow cow,—
 Run, Tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.



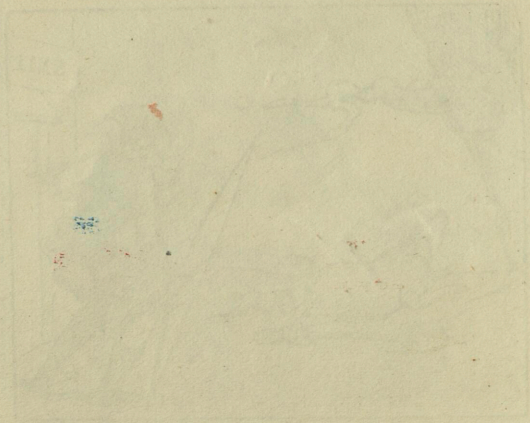
THE TAILOR AND THE CARRION CROW.

A CARRION Crow sat on an oak,
 Watching a Tailor shape his cloak;
 "Wife! bring me my old bent bow,
 That I may shoot yon Carrion Crow."

The Tailor he shot and missed his mark,
 And shot his own sow quite through the heart:
 "Wife! bring me brandy in a spoon,
 For our old sow is in a swoon."

ROBERT AND RICHARD.

ROBERT and Richard were two pretty men,
 They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
 Then up starts Robert and looks at the sky,
 Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high.
 You go before with the bottle and bag,
 And I will come after on little Jack Nag.



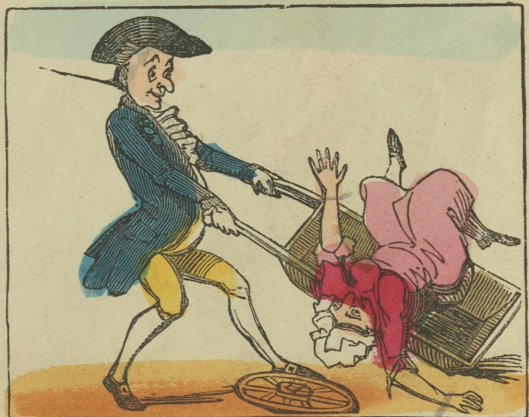
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THE OLD BACHELOR.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I laid upon
a shelf;

The rats and mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife;
The roads were so bad and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, my wife had a fall;
Deuce take the wheel-barrow, my wife, and all.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING a Song of Sixpence, a pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?
The king was in the parlour, counting out his money,
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird, and snapp'd off her nose.



RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a whistle, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all:
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come to your play-fellows in the street.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.



THE A COCK-ROBE

THE A COCK-ROBE
 I see a white lady on a white horse
 I see a white lady on a white horse
 I see a white lady on a white horse
 I see a white lady on a white horse

THE A COCK-ROBE
 I see a white lady on a white horse
 I see a white lady on a white horse
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 I see a white lady on a white horse

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8. Mother Hubbard,
9. London Cries,
10. Natural History of Birds,
11. Cock Robin and Jenny Wren,
12. Death of Cock Robin,
13. Who stole the Bird's Nest?